STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 273

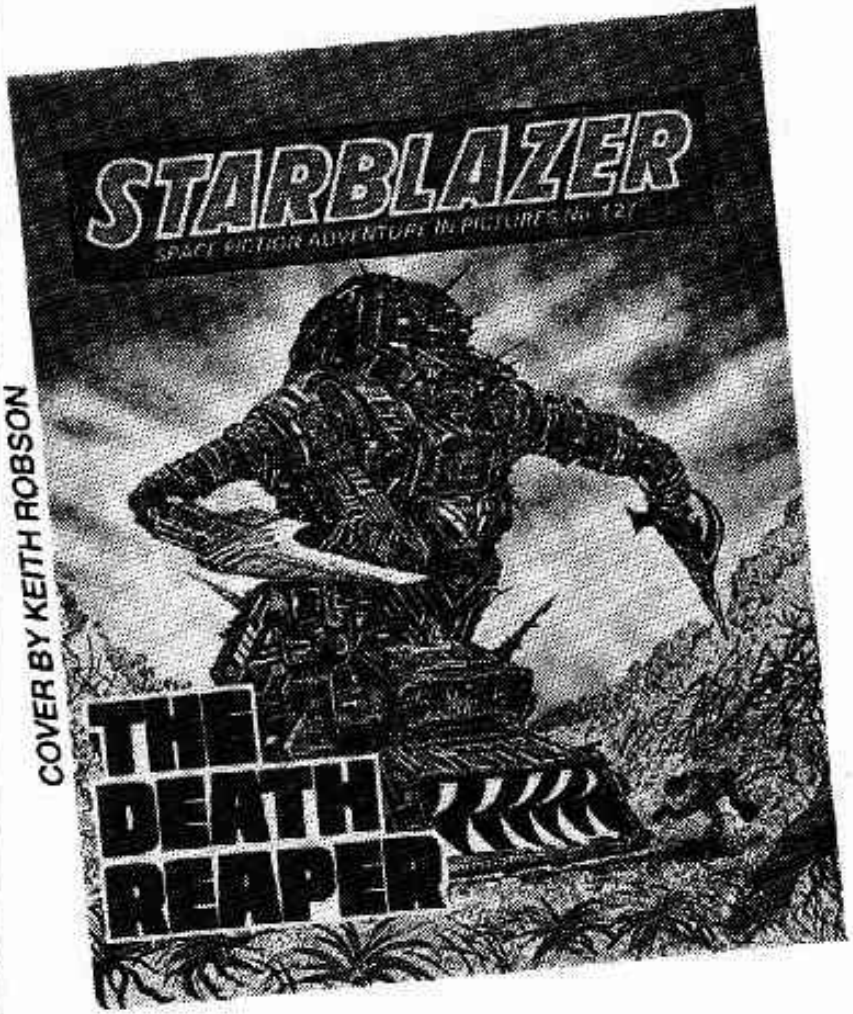
32p

The ROBOT KID STRIKES BACK!

18
9 770262 240001

STARBLAZER...

THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY



COVER BY KEITH ROBSON

No.	TITLE	AUTHOR	ARTIST
112	SUNSTEALERS	R. ASLIN	G. SENIOR
113	THE STONEMEN	M. GORTON	ALCATENA
114	THE LAST BATTLEGROUND	R. ASPDEN	CICUENDEZ
115	LIBERTY GODDESS	M. LEPINE	MONTERO
116.	STARSTONE	M. FURNASS	G. SENIOR
117	TERROR TOWERS OF TYR	T. STENT	SANCHEZ
118	FREEDOM FIGHTERS	R. ASPDEN	CASANOVAS
119	COSMIC COMMANDOS	ALAN ROGERS	ALAN ROGERS
120	KILLER COMET	R. ASLIN	G. SENIOR
121	NIGHTMARE SHIP	R. ASPDEN	ORTIZ
122	ALIEN INVASION	W. REED	ALCATENA
123	THE PLANET EATER	R. ASPDEN	SANCHEZ
124	THE CRYSTAL KILLERS	K. GENTRY	SAICHANN
125	SABER THE SLAYER	J. ALBERT	ALCATENA
126	ALIEN BATTLESHIP	T. STENT	ORTIZ
127	THE DEATH REAPER	G. MORRISON	ALCATENA
128	THE GRAVE OF MANKIND	K. GENTRY	SANCHEZ
129	CHARIOTS OF FEAR	C. ALAN	N. LEE
130	VASSAL'S REVENGE	R. ASPDEN	SAICHANN
131	THE KILLING GROUND	R. H. BONSALL	ORTIZ
132	THE UNDEAD	C. HARRIS	CASANOVAS
133	DEATH CAME SILENTLY	K. GENTRY	SAURI
134	AMBUSH ON ARGON-EL	P. DUNN	ORTIZ
135	THE LOST PATROL	J. SUTTER	SAICHANN

In 1984, The Death Reaper (number 127) became the first story in a series which was still going six years later. Yes, Mikal R. Kayn, private eye, became a regular feature. Written by Grant Morrison and drawn by Alcatena, this story was instrumental in changing the face of Starblazer. Death Reaper was also notable for the introduction of a female lead, Cinnibar.

ON THE PLATINUM-RICH WORLD OF NIZAR 3, WE ONCE AGAIN FIND THE MOTLEY BAND OF HEROES LED BY THE ROBOT KID JUST ONE STEP AHEAD OF DANGER — THIS TIME, IN THE FORM OF THE ANGRY CITIZENS OF NIZAR 3.
YOU CAN'T RESIST IT, CAN YOU? YOU HAVE TO GO STICKING YOUR METAL FINGERS INTO THINGS THAT DON'T CONCERN YOU!
The ROBOT KID STRIKES BACK!
NOT MY FAULT, MANCO-SAN! I WAS MISLED.

YEAH, MAN — KEEP COOL! HOW WAS THE KID TO KNOW THAT FLYER BELONGED TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL?
YOU MEAN APART FROM THE FACT IT HAD "NIZAR GOVERNOR GENERAL" SPLASHED ALL OVER IT? AND HOW DID YOU TALK IT INTO BELIEVING ITS OWNER WAS A TRYPAN SCRAP-METAL MERCHANT?

WAS EASY. HONOURABLE FLYER RECOGNISE TRUE WORD OF WARRIOR DROID WHEN HEAR IT.
MORE LIKELY IT WAS EVEN CRAZIER THAN YOU! C'MON — THIS WAY, FAST!

THEY DODGED AROUND THE BUILDINGS AND OUT ONTO THE LOCAL LANDING-FIELD, WHERE A SHIP WAS CONVENIENTLY READY FOR LIFT-OFF.
WHAT YOU EXPECT OF A FLYER, MAN? LIKE, HOW MANY BRAINS YOU THINK IT TAKES TO DRIVE UP AND DOWN A STREET ALL DAY?
SHUT UP AND MOVE! AND HOPE THAT SHIP'S GOING SOMEWHERE USEFUL — IF THEY LET US ABOARD.
HOLD IT! AND WHERE DO YOU LOT THINK YOU'RE GOING?
ANYWHERE! LOOK, I'M FRANK MANCO OF KELSO ROBOTS. HERE'S MY I.D. THE COMPANY WILL PAY — JUST GET US OUT OF HERE!
HERE THEY COME AGAIN!
OOPS!
BLESS YOU, NINJI! QUICK — GET ON BOARD!

IN THE SHIP'S CONTROL CENTRE . . .
WHAT THE . . . ?
QUICK, GET SPACEBORNE, COMMANDER — IT'S A RIOT! THE LOCALS HAVE GONE MAD — THEY'RE AFTER THE PLATINUM IN THE HOLD!
JETS SCREAMING, THE SHIP BLASTED UP INTO SPACE, LEAVING THE ANGRY CROWD FAR BELOW . . .

NOW WILL SOMEONE TELL ME . . . ? GET AWAY FROM THERE! LEAVE THOSE CONTROLS ALONE!

THERE THEY ARE — THE ONES WHO ASSAULTED ME! ARREST THEM!

THINGS BEGAN TO DETERIORATE IN A MOST FAMILIAR WAY.

BUT EVEN KID ROBOT AND HIS FOLLOWERS COULDN'T MAINTAIN THE CHAOS FOR LONG.

THAT'S BETTER! NOW — WHO SPEAKS FOR THIS MISERABLE-LOOKING BUNCH?

I'M FRANK MANCO, COMMANDER — MECHANIC WITH KELSO ROBOTS, AND I SUPPOSE THEY'RE IN MY CHARGE. WE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE BACK ON NIZAR 3 AND NEEDED A LIFT. KELSO'LL PICK UP THE TAB.

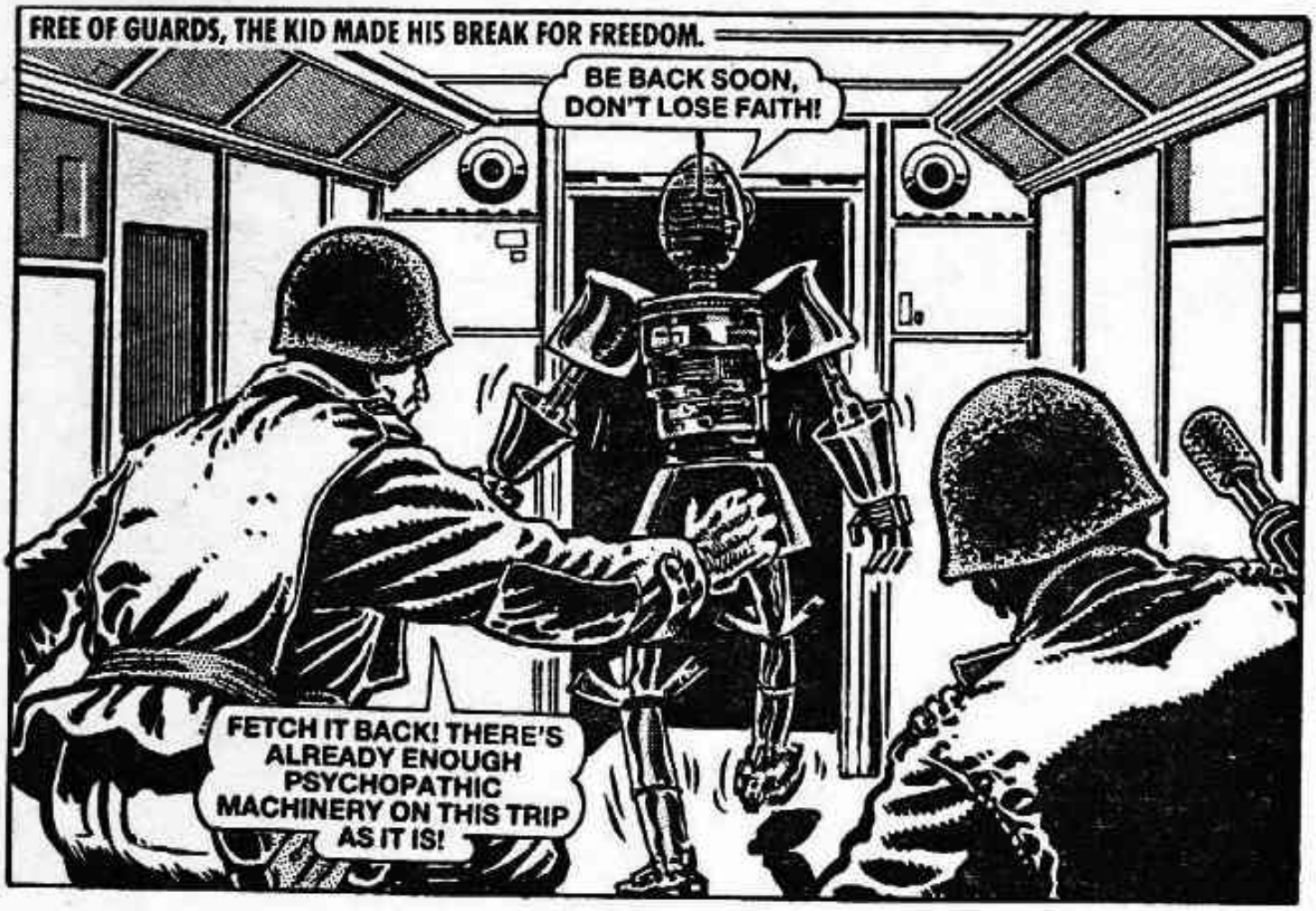
WELL, MANCO — WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO V8-NAM TO ASSIST IN THE AIRLIFT OF COMMONWEALTH CIVILIANS AND LEAVE MILITARY SUPPLIES FOR THE DEFENCE TROOPS.

V8-NAM? ROCKY'S WORLD? WHATEVER FOR? AND WHY DO I THINK I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE THE ANSWER?

BECAUSE THERE'S A WAR ON, MISTER! OFF-WORLD ANARCHISTS ARE STIRRING UP THE NATIVES AGAINST THE COMMONWEALTH. NOW GET THESE TROUBLE-MAKERS OFF MY BRIDGE.
A WAR? THEN HONOURABLE WARRIOR MAY BE ABLE TO HELP IN SMALL WAY. I AM . . .
BUT THE KID NEVER GOT TO FINISH HIS SPEECH.

THIS IS NO WAY TO TREAT HONOURABLE WARRIOR. AM ROBOT KID, HERO OF MANY BATTLES.
PIPE DOWN, GARBAGE-HEAP, OR YOU'LL BE PART OF THIS SHIP'S LUBE SYSTEM.

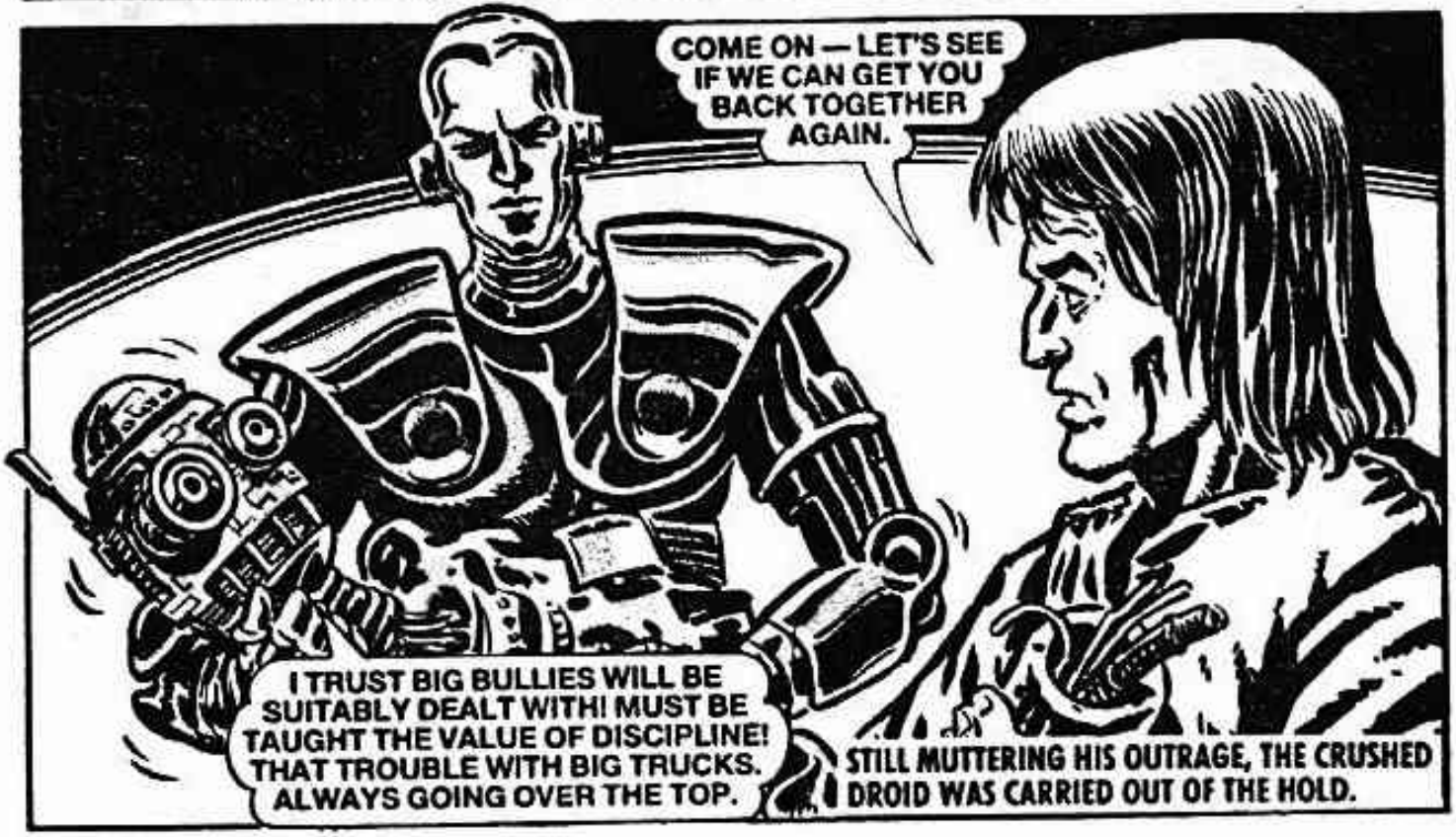
ATTEMPTING TO RETAIN SOME DIGNITY, THE KID TRIED TO STRAIGHTEN UP.
HEY, QUIT PUSHIN'!
WHO PUSHING? YOU TRYING TO TRIP HUMBLE SELF UP — URGHHH!

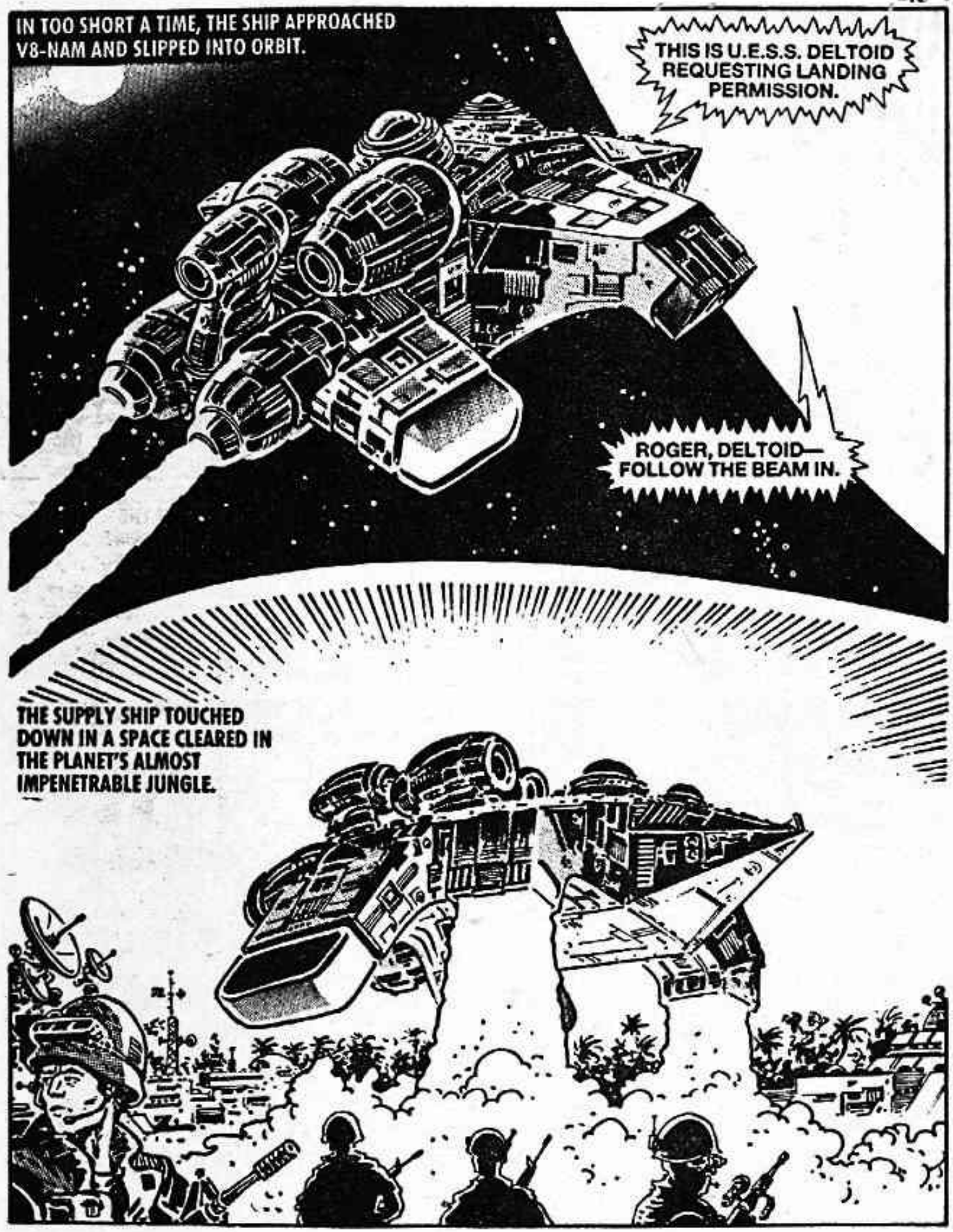

FREE OF GUARDS, THE KID MADE HIS BREAK FOR FREEDOM.
BE BACK SOON, DON'T LOSE FAITH!
FETCH IT BACK! THERE'S ALREADY ENOUGH PSYCHOPATHIC MACHINERY ON THIS TRIP AS IT IS!

THE KID FOUND HIMSELF IN THE SHIP'S HOLD — LOST IN THE DARKNESS.
AH, DARK PLACE INDEED. CAN HARDLY SEE UPPER DEXTERITY MODULES IN FRONT OF OPTICAL SENSORS. NEED LIGHT SWITCH.
THIS BETTER, THIN-SKIN?
AH, HONOURABLE PERSONNEL-CARRIERS — NO DOUBT TO RESCUE HUMAN NON-COMBATANTS CAUGHT UP IN BATTLE. A NOBLE ROLE, BUT NOT CALLING OF TRUE WARRIOR!

YOU CALLIN' US CHICKEN, OIL-CAN? ANY ONE OF US COULD CANCEL YOUR PROGRAMMING WITH OUR TREADS OFF!
BRUTE FORCE IS EASY ANSWER. TRUE WARRIOR REVELS IN THE PLAN AS WELL AS GLORY OF BATTLE.
WELL, THINK ON THIS FOR A WHILE — AFTER THEY'VE PEELED YOU OFF THE DECK!
WHOOPS!
THERE WAS A CLANG — AND THE SICKENING SOUND OF STEEL BEING CRUSHED.
I THOUGHT IT WAS NOISY IN HERE!
HE'S CAUSED TROUBLE AGAIN. I KNEW IT!

MANCO-SAN — I AM HURT! HUMBLE WARRIOR NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD!
YOU'LL OUTLIVE ME, YOU INTERFERING PILE OF RELAYS! NINJI! SANDY! LET'S GET HIM BACK TO THE BRIG!


COME ON — LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET YOU BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.
I TRUST BIG BULLIES WILL BE SUITABLY DEALT WITH! MUST BE TAUGHT THE VALUE OF DISCIPLINE! THAT TROUBLE WITH BIG TRUCKS. ALWAYS GOING OVER THE TOP.
STILL MUTTERING HIS OUTRAGE, THE CRUSHED DROID WAS CARRIED OUT OF THE HOLD.


IN TOO SHORT A TIME, THE SHIP APPROACHED V8-NAM AND SLIPPED INTO ORBIT.
THIS IS U.E.S.S. DELTOID REQUESTING LANDING PERMISSION.
ROGER, DELTOID— FOLLOW THE BEAM IN.
THE SUPPLY SHIP TOUCHED DOWN IN A SPACE CLEARED IN THE PLANET'S ALMOST IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE.

THIS IS HOPELESS. I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH THIS BODY, KID — EXCEPT MAKE ASH-TRAYS OUT OF IT!
RELAX, BUB — WE'RE DOWN. THERE'S A KELSO SUPPLY UNIT IN THE COMPOUND, COMPLETE WITH WORKSHOP. THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING WITH IT.
BEFORE MANCO COULD MOVE, THE TWO DROIDS WERE OUT OF THE BRIG.

THEN WHAT WE WAITING FOR, DADDY-O? LET'S GET THE KID TO THE WHITE COATS RIGHT NOW!
WAIT FOR ME!

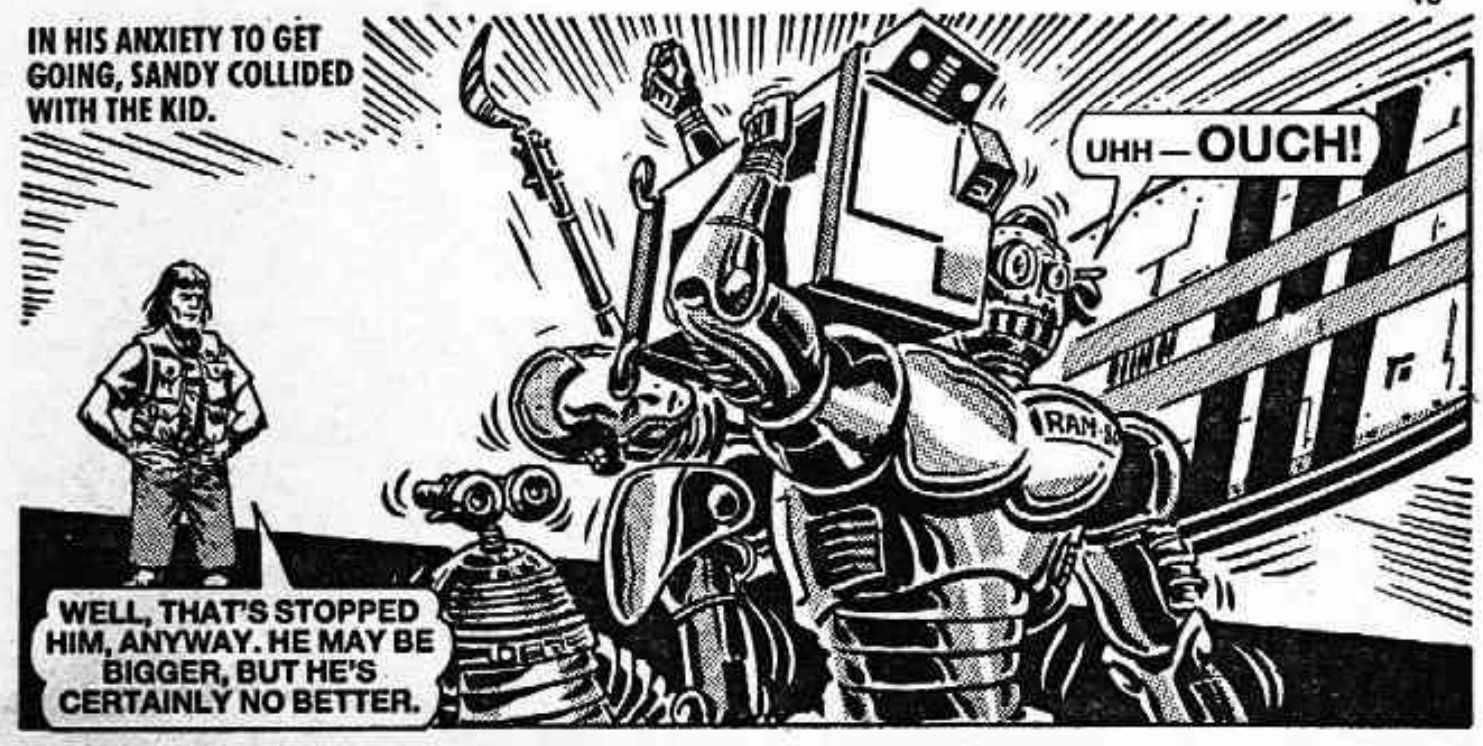
ONCE THE DAMAGED VIDEODROID WAS IN THE WORKSHOP, THERE WAS LITTLE TO DO BUT WAIT.
PAGING DR KILPATIENT. DR KILPATIENT, PLEASE.
WHAT'S TAKING THEM SO LONG?
COOL IT, MAN. THE KID WILL BE OUT PRETTY SOON — THE WHITE SUIT DUDES'LL FIX HIM UP GOOD. MAYBE GIVE HIM WHITE-WALL LEGS.

DOCTORS WHO AND FRANKENSTEIN PLEASE REPORT TO THE CHUCK NORRIS WARD.
SSEMB ROOM
HOW IS HE? HAVE YOU SAVED HIM?
HE'S FINE, FRANK. THE HEAD WAS OKAY, BUT WE HAD TO FIND ANOTHER BODY TO REPLACE THE AKIRA ONE.
HE'S STIRRING!
PAGING DR PEPPER AND DR SCHOLL.
UUUHH? YO! PLEEZTAMEECHA.
BLAZING GALAXIES! WHAT HAPPENED? WERE HIS BRAIN RELAYS DAMAGED?
RAM-80

C'MON — DERE'S PEOPLE NEED RESCUIN' OUT DERE! YO!
RAM-80
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! NONE OF THE R.A.M. MODELS HAVE GIVEN US TROUBLE BEFORE!
WITH IMPECCABLE JUDGEMENT, THE KID MISSED THE DOOR BY ONLY THREE FEET.
KID ROBOT MANAGED TO REACH THE FOYER WITHOUT TOTALLY DESTROYING THE BUILDING.
WELL — I GUESS HE'LL BE FINE ONCE HE'S OUTSIDE. THE RAM-80 SERIES WAS DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR JUNGLE WARFARE.
WHY CAN'T I EVER GET HIM INTO A PEACEFUL BODY — LIKE A GARDENING MODULE! MIND THOSE GLASS DOORS!

AND THEN THE DROID STOPPED COLD, AS A SUGARY VOICE OOZED OUT TO HIM.
WELL — HELLO, BIG BOY.
UH? WHOOZAT?
HI THERE, MY NAME'S VENDA. WHAT'S YOURS, BIG BOY?
UH — I'M CALLED THE KID, Y'KNOW? PLEEZTAMEECHA, SWEET STUFF.

RAM-BO
WELLLL — WHY DON'T YOU POP ROUND AND SEE ME SOME TIME?
BETTER STILL, I'LL — UH — TAKEYA WITH ME.
KELSO
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, SWARF-BRAIN! AND PUT THAT SWEET MACHINE DOWN!
UH — DIDJA HEAR SOMEONE CALLING ME?
THE CRUSADE CONTINUES
DEATH WISH 200
AT A VIDIPLEX NEAR YOU


IN HIS ANXIETY TO GET GOING, SANDY COLLIDED WITH THE KID.
UHH — OUCH!
WELL, THAT'S STOPPED HIM, ANYWAY. HE MAY BE BIGGER, BUT HE'S CERTAINLY NO BETTER.

HEY, OVER THERE! HOLD IT!
RAM-80

SIR, GENERAL ENNEGER'S COMPLIMENTS, AND HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU ALL AT THE EVACUATION HQ. IMMEDIATELY, SIR.

IN SINGLE FILE, THEY HEADED TOWARDS HQ.
I DATED A JAPANESE FOOD-PROCESSOR CHICK NAMED BLENDA ONCE — BUT HER FOLKS AND MINE JUST WOULDN'T MIX.

INSIDE HQ, THEY WERE CONFRONTED BY THE FIERCE PRESENCE OF GENERAL ENNEGER.
I NEED EVERY MAN I CAN GET TO HELP IN THIS EVACUATION, SO YOU'RE DRAFTED — AND THAT INCLUDES DROIDS! THE ALL-TERRAIN ONE WILL DO FOR CLEARING TRAILS THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THE THING ON THE SURFBOARD CAN ASSIST THE HELI-SCOUTS, AND I'M SURE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING FOR THE SERVODROID TO DO. MEANWHILE, I WANT THAT SWEET MACHINE BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM!
UH — HOLD IT — UH — GENERAL . . .

. . . UH — CHOPPIN' THROUGH A FEW WEEDS WASN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND FOR — UH — THIS MAN'S WAR . . .
YOU'LL DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD, SOLDIER!

AT THAT MOMENT, A SOLDIER INTERRUPTED THEM WITH A MESSAGE.
THIS JUST CAME THROUGH FROM PARADISE ALLEY, SIR. IT SEEMS F*I*S*T HAS CAPTURED A NUMBER OF COMMONWEALTH SCIENTISTS — AMONG THEM DR BALBOA.
BALBOA! THAT'S ALL I NEED! OKAY — GET THESE CIVILIANS OUT OF HERE, AND CALL ALL THE STAFF OFFICERS AVAILABLE IN HERE FOR A BRIEFING.

WHO'S THIS DR BALBOA?
PLANETARY EXPERT — THE DISCOVERER OF ROCKY'S WORLD. IF F*I*S*T HAVE HIM, THEN V8-NAM'S NOT THE ONLY PLANET IN TROUBLE.
RAM·80
AND WHAT'S F*I*S*T, MAN? SOUNDS LIKE SOME KINDA GROOVY ROCK BAND!

YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF THE FAZELLI INTER-STELLAR TERRORIST GROUP? THEY'VE BEEN A THORN IN THE COMMONWEALTH'S SIDE FOR YEARS. NOW THEY'VE SIDED WITH THE NATIONALISTS ON V8-NAM, PRETTY MUCH STARTING A WAR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT THIS JUNGLE PLANET FOR, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE BEING THE BIGGEST BLOW-UP SINCE LARYNELLE GOT TORCHED.
MEANWHILE, IN THE F*I*S*T HQ, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE . . .
BALBOA'S SAFELY TRUSSED-UP, KOMMIZAR — AND I IMAGINE GENERAL ENNEGER'S HEARD THE NEWS BY NOW.
GOOD! THAT MEANS WE SHOULD BE SAFE FROM AERIAL ATTACK FOR A FEW DAYS. SO, WE HAVE UNTIL THEY DECIDE ON A RESCUE TO LIBERATE HIM OF ALL HIS PLANETARY KNOWLEDGE. IS PARADISE ALLEY SECURE?

CHIZIT, THE LEADER OF THE NATIONALISTS, GRINNED AT KOMMIZAR WALSKE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF F*I*S*T.
DON'T WORRY, KOMMIZAR — THAT PASS THROUGH THE JUNGLE IS COVERED BY SO MUCH FIREPOWER THAT ONLY A COMPLETE IDIOT WOULD EVER TRY TO GET THROUGH!
SPEAKING OF COMPLETE IDIOTS, BACK AT THE OTHER END OF THE WAR —
RAM-80
ARE YOU A COMPLETE IDIOT? WHAT DO YOU THINK THE GENERAL'S GOING TO DO WHEN HE FINDS OUT YOU'VE BEEN SWIPING GUNS?
KEEP COOL, FRANKIE! BY THE TIME THAT GENERAL GETS WISE, WE'LL BE LONG GONE!

HE DOESN'T MEAN WHAT I THINK HE MEANS, DOES HE? TELL ME I'M WRONG, KID!
UH — YOU HEARD WHAT DA GENERAL SAID, UH — FRANK! THERE'S PEOPLE TAKEN HOSTAGE OUT BY PARADISE ALLEY. UH — SOMEBODY'S GOTTA FETCH 'EM BACK.
FRANK MANCO BEGAN TO MAKE LITTLE WHIMPERING NOISES.
RAM-BO
OKAY, UH — GUYS. LET'S MOVE OUT BEFORE WE'RE SEEN.
I'M WITH YOU, BIG BOY!
LOADED UP WITH THE STOLEN WEAPONS, THE LITTLE BAND SNEAKED OUT UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS.

BUT THEY RECKONED WITHOUT NINJI'S WAYWARD ARM.
CLANG!
WHOOPS!
HUH? WHASSAT? WHASSGOINON?
ALERT! CIVILIANS ESCAPING!
THAT'S DONE IT! WE'LL ALL END UP BEHIND BARS NOW!
UH — DON'T SWEAT, MAN. I RIGGED SOME — UH — SMOKE BOMBS JUST IN CASE DIS HAPPENED.
THE KID PRESSED THE BUTTON ON A REMOTE UNIT . . .

. . . BUT THE RESULTS WERE A LITTLE MORE DRAMATIC THAN EXPECTED.
KERWHUMP!
THOSE WERE THE LOUDEST SMOKE BOMBS I EVER HEARD! HOW MANY MEGATONNES EACH WERE THEY?
UH — I MUSTA PICKED UP DA WRONG BOX!
IF WALSKE DOESN'T MAKE YOUR TRANSISTORS INTO A NECKLACE DON'T BOTHER COMING BACK — 'CAUSE I WILL!
NO ONE BOTHERED TO STAY AND ARGUE WITH HIM.

IN THE F*I*S*T HQ, KOMMIZAR WALSKE SPENT THE NIGHT GLOATING OVER HIS PRISONERS.
DR BALBOA — NICE OF YOU TO STAY AFTER ALL! I TRUST THE ROOM'S TO YOUR LIKING?
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! THE COMMONWEALTH WILL NEVER ALLOW . . .!
BUT MY DEAR DOCTOR — THE COMMONWEALTH HAS NO CHOICE! WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE THEY DO? SEND ENNEGER AND HIS BAND OF MUSCLE-BOUND OAFS INTO THE JUNGLE TO LOOK FOR YOU? THEY WOULD NEVER RISK THAT — NOT WHILE THERE IS THE CHANCE WE MIGHT KILL YOU FIRST!

NOW, IF YOUR FRIEND HERE WILL JOIN ME, I'M SURE WE HAVE LOTS TO TALK ABOUT — AND ALL NIGHT TO DO IT!
NO — NO . . !
DAWN OVER THE JUNGLE — BUT IF IT CAME UP LIKE THUNDER, THE KID'S GROUP DID THEIR BEST TO DROWN IT . . .
I'M BEGINNING TO WISH A REAL WAR WOULD BREAK OUT HERE — IT MIGHT BE MORE PEACEFUL!
YO — FRANKIE! HOW ABOUT HELPING ME CHOP SOME — UH — FIREWOOD.

AH — GOOD MOOOOORNIN' V8-NAM! REMINDS ME OF THE BACKWOODS ON 10-R-EAF. BUG OUT AND STAY COOL, MAN!
UH — NOW, FRANKIE.
BUTTER — UH — FINGERS!
THE TREE FELL GRACEFULLY — RIGHT ON TOP OF THE HAPLESS MECHANIC.
MR MANCO! SPEAK TO ME, SIR! ARE YOU HURT?

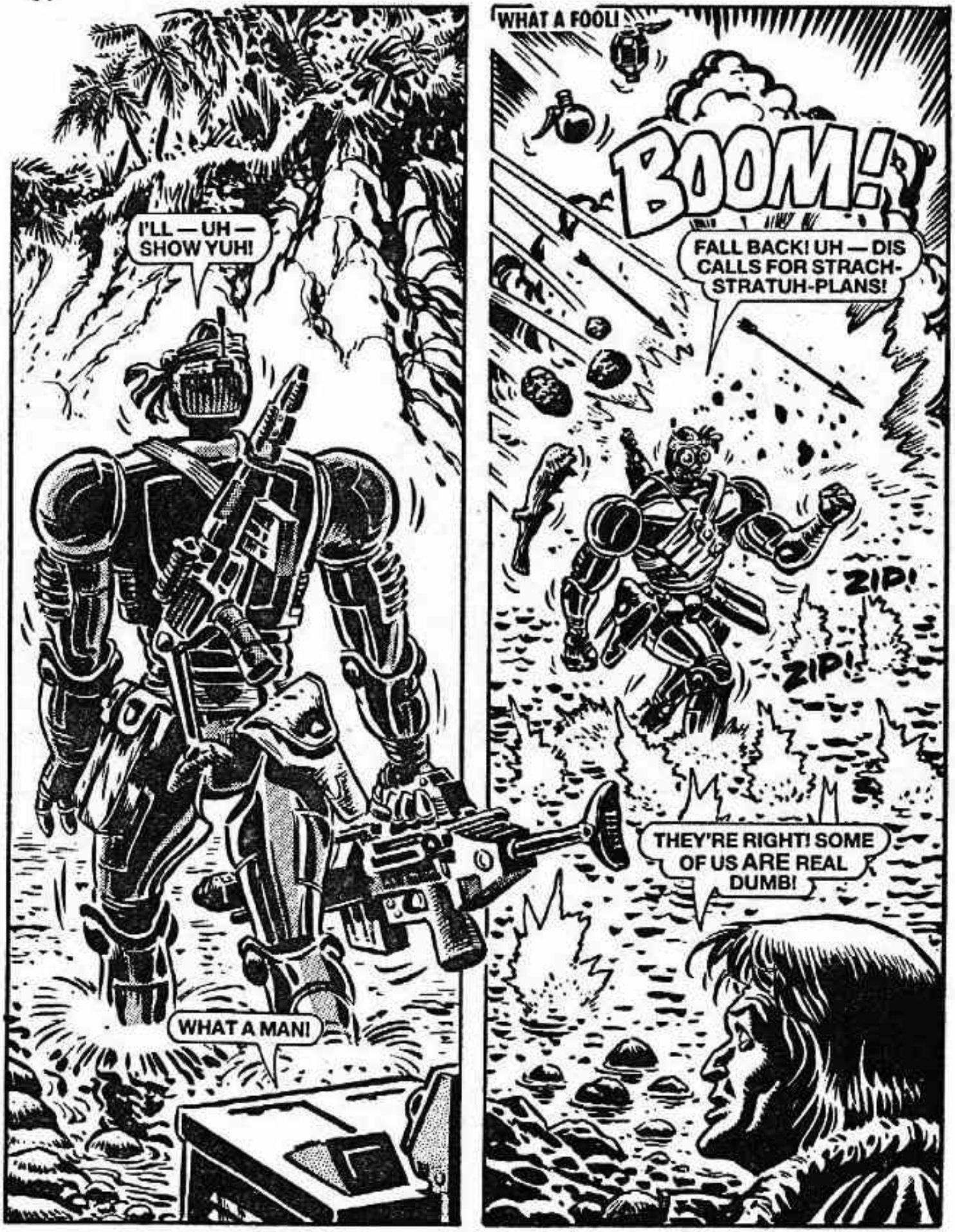
OUT YA COME!
RAM-BO
UUURGHHH! WHO SAW THAT TRUCK? ANYONE GET HIS NUMBER?

THEN, A SUDDEN NOISE SILENCED THEM.
WHAT'S HAPPENING, MAN? WE GOT COMPANY?
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S COMING!

DIS'LL HOLD 'EM!
THE KID HELD THE TRIGGER UNTIL THE GUN WAS EMPTY.
A MOMENT LATER, THE SOURCE OF THE DISTURBANCE BURST OUT OF THE UNDERGROWTH.
OO...OOO... OO...AAAAAH!
A CHUCKY! MY — DON'T HE LOOK CROSS!

HEY! OOOOWWWW!
WHY BE? DID I GEB OUD OF THE WRONK SIBE OF DE TREE DID MORDINK?
RAM-80
HEY, FRANKIE-BABE — I THINK HE LIKES YOU, MAN!
WITH FRANK TENDING HIS SORE NOSE AND BRUISED HEAD, THEY BROKE CAMP AND HEADED OFF INTO THE JUNGLE ONCE MORE.

BUT AT THE HEAD OF THE VALLEY, THE KID'S GUNFIRE HAD BEEN HEARD BY TWO F*I*S*T MEN.
YOU HEAR THAT? WHAT WAS IT?
I AIN'T SURE — BUT IT SOUNDED A BIT LIKE A GNOLUS MULTI-SHOT .38, WITH EXTENDED MAGAZINE AND NIGHT-SCOPE; THE MARK 4 RAQIAN VERSION — EITHER THAT OR A BIRD CALL!
YUP, I WAS RIGHT. THEY GOT A STAYBRITE NEW-ARMY NEUTRON MORTAR, TOO. BETTER TELL THE BOSS — TROUBLE'S COMIN'.
PARADISE ALLEY — A WIDE VALLEY FLOWING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, AFFORDING NO COVER FROM AMBUSH.
I DON'T LIKE THIS! IF THERE'S ANYONE HIDING UP IN THOSE TREES, WE'RE SITTING DUCKS!
UH — TOO OBVIOUS, FRANKIE! DEY MUS' THINK WE'RE REAL DUMB. IT'S SUCH AN — UH — OBVIOUS PLACE FOR AN AMBUSH THEY WOULDN'T USE IT.


I'LL — UH — SHOW YUH!
WHAT A MAN!
WHAT A FOOL!
BOOM!
FALL BACK! UH — DIS CALLS FOR STRACH-STRATUH-PLANS!
ZIP!
ZIP!
THEY'RE RIGHT! SOME OF US ARE REAL DUMB!

A HURRIED CONFERENCE LATER . . .
I'M NOT HAPPY! SANDY, YOUR THRUSTERS WEREN'T DESIGNED TO TAKE MORE THAN ONE DROID.
STAY COOL, MAN — AIN'T NO BIG DEAL! BE LIKE PADDLIN' WAY OUT BEYOND THE BIG BREAKERS — LAID BACK AND MELLOW!
UP, UP AND AWAAAAAYYY . . !
AM I THE ONLY SANE ONE AROUND HERE?

WHAT'S THIS? PARA-TROOPS?
NAH — IT'S JUST A CUSTOM-CHOPPED R & R COUPE DROID WITH AN ALL-TERRAIN MODEL RIDING SHOTGUN. OR IT COULD BE A BIRD.
THWWUMP!
IT AIN'T A BIRD!
SURF'S UP! DO IT AGAIN . . .
THWACK!

YO! NOW WE — UH — GO FIND OTHER — UURGGHHHH!
HOLD ON, R.K.!
WHEESH!
HEY — THIS IS GETTING A REAL HEAVY SCENE, MAN!
CRASH!
TOO LATE!
THEN THE DAMAGED TOWER COLLAPSED, AND EXPLODED AS THE STORED AMMUNITION WENT UP.
BOOM!
WHEE! THIS IS GROOVIER THAN THE BIG SURF ON 10-R-EAF!

THE SOUND TRAVELLED ALL THE WAY TO F*I*S*T HQ.
THAT'S PARADISE 'ALLEY! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY REPORTED ONLY A SMALL ARMED FORCE?
THEY DID! ENNEGER MUST BE SENDING IN SHOCK TROOPS AFTER ALL!
EVERYBODY OUT! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE — SO ASSUME YOU'RE UP AGAINST THE BEST ENNEGER'S GOT! TAKE NO CHANCES!
YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO INSPIRE MORALE, DON'T YOU?
A MIXTURE OF F*I*S*T MEN AND GUERILLAS POURED INTO THE JUNGLE.

MEANWHILE, FRANK MANCO AND THE REST OF THE DROIDS HAD REACHED THE WRECKAGE.
UH — NIGHT COMES QUICK IN DE — UH — TROPICS!
LOOK AT YOU TWO! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE LAWS OF ROBOTICS? I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T ABLE TO HURT ANYONE.

DEY — UH — MODIFY DE LAWS FOR COMBAT SITUATIONS.
BESIDES, WE NEVER HURT ANYONE, MAN — JUST FRIGHTENED THE LUBE-OIL OUT OF THEM A BIT!

AND THEN THE JUNGLE AROUND THEM CAME ALIVE WITH THE DEAFENING RATTLE OF GUNFIRE.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
RUN FROM DE — UH — ENEMY? DIS TIME WE GET TO WIN!
THEN THE F*I*S*T MEN AND GUERILLAS BURST FROM THE UNDERBRUSH.
WATCH OUT FOR THOSE DOUGHNUTS — YOU KNOW HOW HIGH IN CHOLESTROL THEY ARE!
IF SOMEONE DOESN'T GIVE ME A GUN SOON, I'LL SURRENDER ON PRINCIPLE!

COMANGEDDIT! EAT LEAD, SCUM! NO SURRENDER!
UH — ON DE OTHER HAND . . .
VERY WISE, MY FRIEND. NOW DROP THAT CANNON!
BUT THE KID'S AIM WAS ROCKY, AND HE MISSED.
THAT'S NOT SUGAR, IT'S SACCHARINE! AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE JAM?
THEY WERE MARCHED BACK TO F*I*S*T HQ.
UH — DOAN WORRY, FRANKIE. I'LL GET US OUT OF DIS!
YEAH — THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME!

YOU MEAN THIS IS WHAT BLEW UP THE GUARD-POST? THIS BUNCH OF MISFITS?
RAM-80
HARD TO BELIEVE, AIN'T IT? THEY SERVE PRETTY GOOD DOUGHNUTS, THOUGH.

PUT THEM AWAY WITH DR BALBOA AND HIS FRIENDS — I'LL THINK WHAT TO DO WITH THEM LATER.
RAM-80
NO SUGAR OR JAM — IS THAT WHAT HE MEANS BY GOOD DOUGHNUTS? I HOPE I GET TO WORK ON THAT VENDING MACHINE!

WHEN THEY HAD ALL BEEN TIED UP IN THE HUT, CHIZIT PAID THEM A VISIT.
WALSKE IS BUSY AT THE MOMENT, BUT HE SAID I COULD PLAY FOR A WHILE. THIS IS A MEGA-PROD — HAVE YOU EVER SEEN WHAT IT DOES?
UH — NO.

CHIZIT PRESSED THE PROD AGAINST THE WALL, AND A SMALL PIECE OF IT CEASED TO EXIST.
CLEVER, EH? ON FULL POWER THIS COULD FRY AN EGG ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET!
YOU CAN'T! THAT'S INHUMAN!

WELL — YOUR BIG FRIEND HERE ISN'T HUMAN ANYWAY, IS HE? MIDDLE VOLTAGE TO START WITH, I THINK . . .
BZZZZT!
CHIZIT!
UHH — ARRGH! NNNOOO! STOP — AAAAIIIIEEE!
UHH — PLEASE STOP, DAT — UH — TICKLES!
TICKLES!!! THERE WAS ENOUGH POWER IN THAT TO PUT A WHOLE HERD OF FLANITTAN MEGALEPHANTS TO SLEEP FOR A MONTH!
RIGHT! YOU WON'T FIND IT SO FUNNY WHEN I GET BACK! TICKLES!!!!
YOU GOT HIM PRETTY STEAMED, MAN. I DON'T THINK HE'S GONE TO PUT ON HIS BOOGIE-SHOES.

UH — YO! SO WE BETTER NOT BE AROUND WHEN HE — UH — GETS BACK!
RAM-80
OH, YEAH? WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE — YOU SHRUG OFF THESE ROPES AND FLY?
WHEEE!
WHEEE!
ME AND MY BIG MOUTH!
ZIP!

OH — YO! LET'S GO — UH — ESCAPE TO VICTORY!
KID! WE'RE STILL TIED UP! WE CAN'T . . . !
YOOOOOOO!!!!!

ONE OF THE PRISONERS IS LOOSE! GET HIM!

RAM-20

HOPPING AS FAST AS HE COULD, THE KID MADE FOR THE SAFETY OF THE JUNGLE — PROTECTED BY THE BED ON HIS BACK.

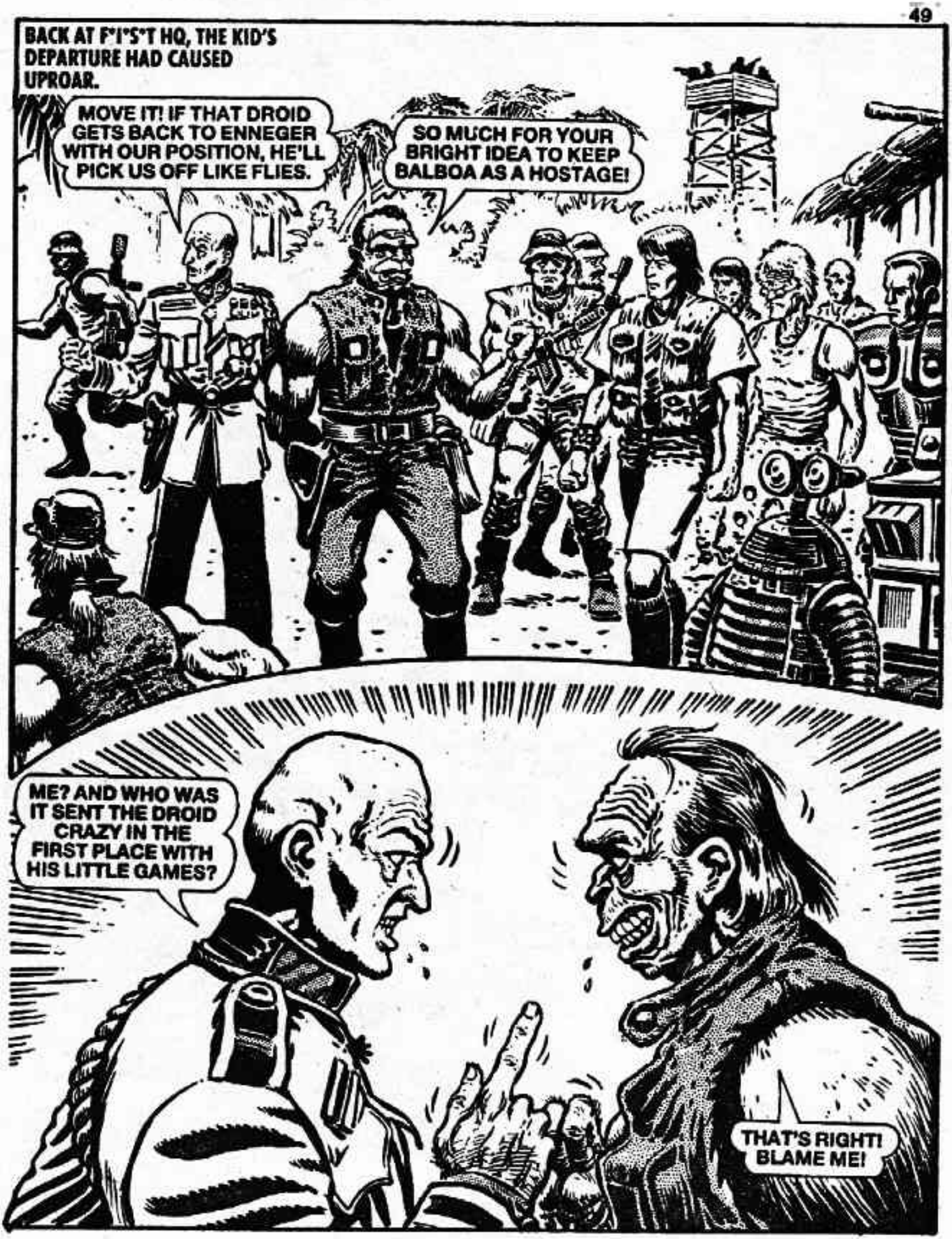
YOU HAVE THE MOST INTERESTING FRIENDS. WILL HE BE BACK?

COUNT ON IT. UNFORTUNATELY, HE'LL PROBABLY BE ON HIS OWN.

UH — GOOD THING DEY DIDN'T SEARCH ME TOO GOOD. NOW, WHAT DID I PUT IN DA — UH — HANDLE?
RAMBO

THE KID EMPTIED OUT THE HOLLOW HANDLE OF HIS KNIFE.
UH — LOOKS LIKE I FORGOT TO PACK DA — UH — UMBRELLA!

WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT, DO YOU THINK?
WHO KNOWS? TOURISTS! I CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND THEM.


BACK AT F*I*S*T HQ, THE KID'S DEPARTURE HAD CAUSED UPROAR.
MOVE IT! IF THAT DROID GETS BACK TO ENNEGER WITH OUR POSITION, HE'LL PICK US OFF LIKE FLIES.
SO MUCH FOR YOUR BRIGHT IDEA TO KEEP BALBOA AS A HOSTAGE!
ME? AND WHO WAS IT SENT THE DROID CRAZY IN THE FIRST PLACE WITH HIS LITTLE GAMES?
THAT'S RIGHT! BLAME ME!

THEN A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS THROUGHOUT THE CAMP BROUGHT THE ARGUMENT TO AN END.
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! ENNEGER'S FOUND US!
WHY DO I GET THE FEELING HE'S WRONG?
YO — WALSKE! CHEW ON DIS — UH — A WHILE!
RAM·BO

FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT, THE KID WATCHED THE GUERILLAS POUR INTO THE JUNGLE.

THE KID CUT A SINGLE ROPE — AND A MASSIVE TREE-TRUNK SWEPT DOWN TOWARDS THE HORRIFIED GUERILLAS . . .
MOTHER! HELP!
. . . AND MISSED.
WHAT HAPPENED?
I KNEW IT! CLEAN LIVING ALWAYS PAYS OUT IN THE END!
BUT THE TREES BEHIND THEM, BROUGHT DOWN BY THE TREE TRUNK, DIDN'T.
MMMFFF!
FIRST BLOOD TO DA KID!
HEY — WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

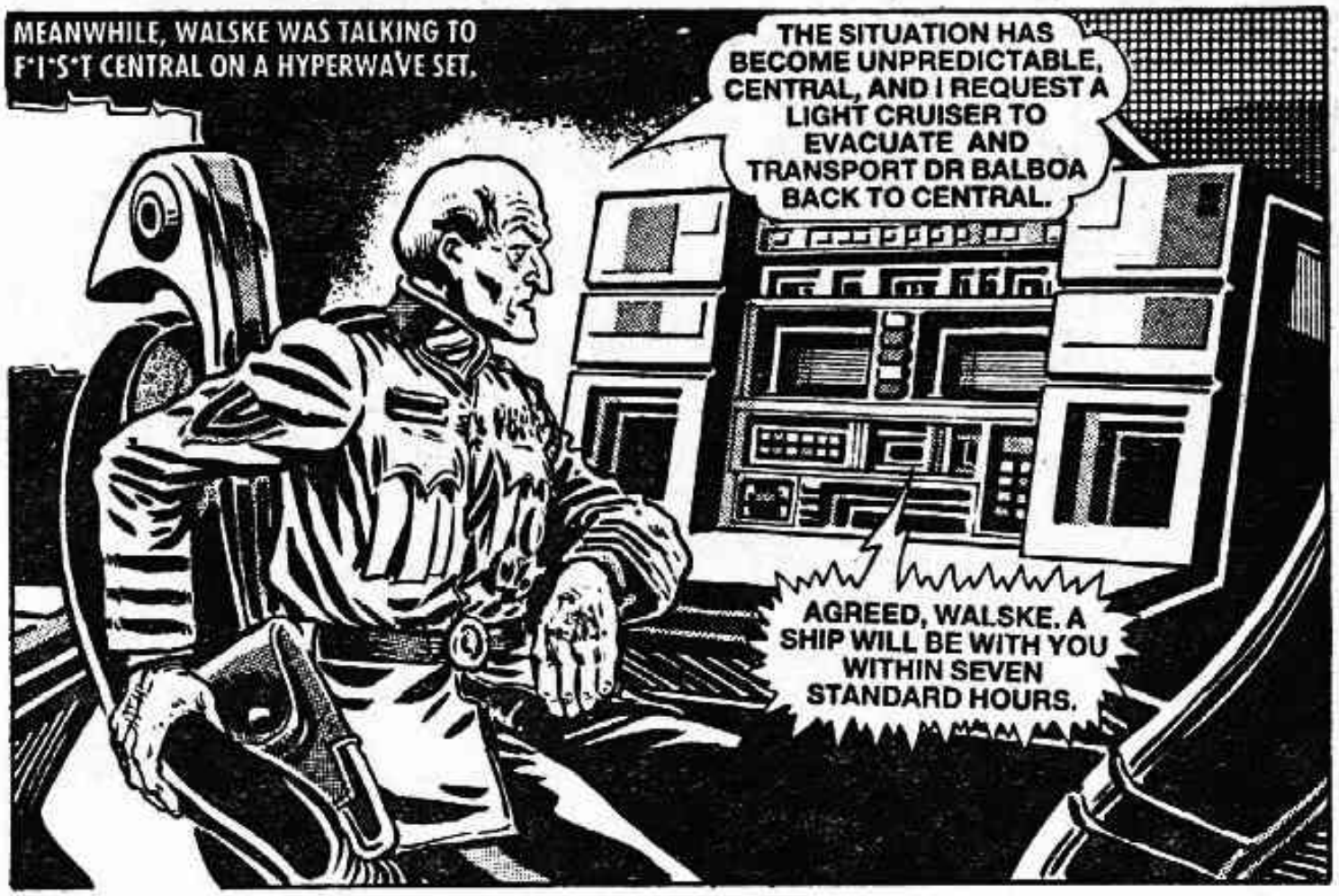
WHAT WAS THAT CRASH?
YOUR BOYS JUST MADE A TRUNK CALL BUT DEY — UH — GOT CUT OFF!
THAT DOES IT! WALSKE — I'M TAKING MY MEN AFTER THAT DROID, IT WON'T EVEN BE GOOD FOR SPARES BY THE TIME I'M FINISHED WITH IT!
SUIT YOURSELF. BUT F*I*S*T IS MORE CONCERNED WITH DR BALBOA AND ROCKY'S WORLD — I'M GOING TO TRY AND GET US OFF-WORLD BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE GOES WRONG.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE RUNNING OUT. BUT I'LL BE BACK BEFORE YOU CAN, WALSKE.
ALL RIGHT, MEN. RE-SECURE THE CAMP — BUT GET READY TO EVACUATE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.
WHAT YOU SAY, FRANKIE? WE CAN'T JUST SIT ON OUR RELAYS WHILE R.K. GETS CHASED AROUND THE PLANET.
I KNOW. BUT HOW DO YOU SUGGEST WE GET FREE? THESE BONDS ARE UNBREAKABLE NEOLEN.

IN CASE ANYONE'S INTERESTED, I'VE GOT AN ENTIRE TANK OF ASTRA-COLA. THE SUPPLIERS SHOULD HAVE TAKEN IT OUT MONTHS AGO WHEN TESTS SHOWED IT REACTED SOMEWHAT VIOLENTLY WITH THE LATEST DILENTAL SYNTHETICS.
AND NEOLEN IS BASED ON DILENTAL! VENDA, YOU'RE AN ANGEL!
GROOVY — LOW-CALORIE SOLVENT! PRETTY COLOUR, TOO.
THIS BUNCH OF F*I*S*T JERKS HAVE TAKEN ALL MY CUPS — BUT I CAN STILL DELIVER.

NOW FOR THE EASY BIT. I DON'T SUPPOSE EITHER OF YOU HAPPENS TO HAVE HIDDEN A GUN ANYWHERE?
NO, SORRY. BUT I THINK WE CAN PERSUADE THOSE TWO OUTSIDE TO PART WITH THEIRS.
SO I SAID TO HIM, I SAID — HUH?
EXCUSE ME, SIR.
WHAT — YAAAHH!
SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH GUNS, MAN! HERE — I'LL PUT IT SOMEWHERE SAFE.
ENJOY YOUR TRIP!

HEY, MAN — WE'RE MAKING A COLLECTION FOR THE DISTRESSED DROIDS ASSOCIATION, HOW YOU FIXED FOR A DONATION?
THANK YOU— HAVE A NICE DAY.


MEANWHILE, WALSKE WAS TALKING TO F·I·S·T CENTRAL ON A HYPERWAVE SET.
THE SITUATION HAS BECOME UNPREDICTABLE, CENTRAL, AND I REQUEST A LIGHT CRUISER TO EVACUATE AND TRANSPORT DR BALBOA BACK TO CENTRAL.
AGREED, WALSKE. A SHIP WILL BE WITH YOU WITHIN SEVEN STANDARD HOURS.

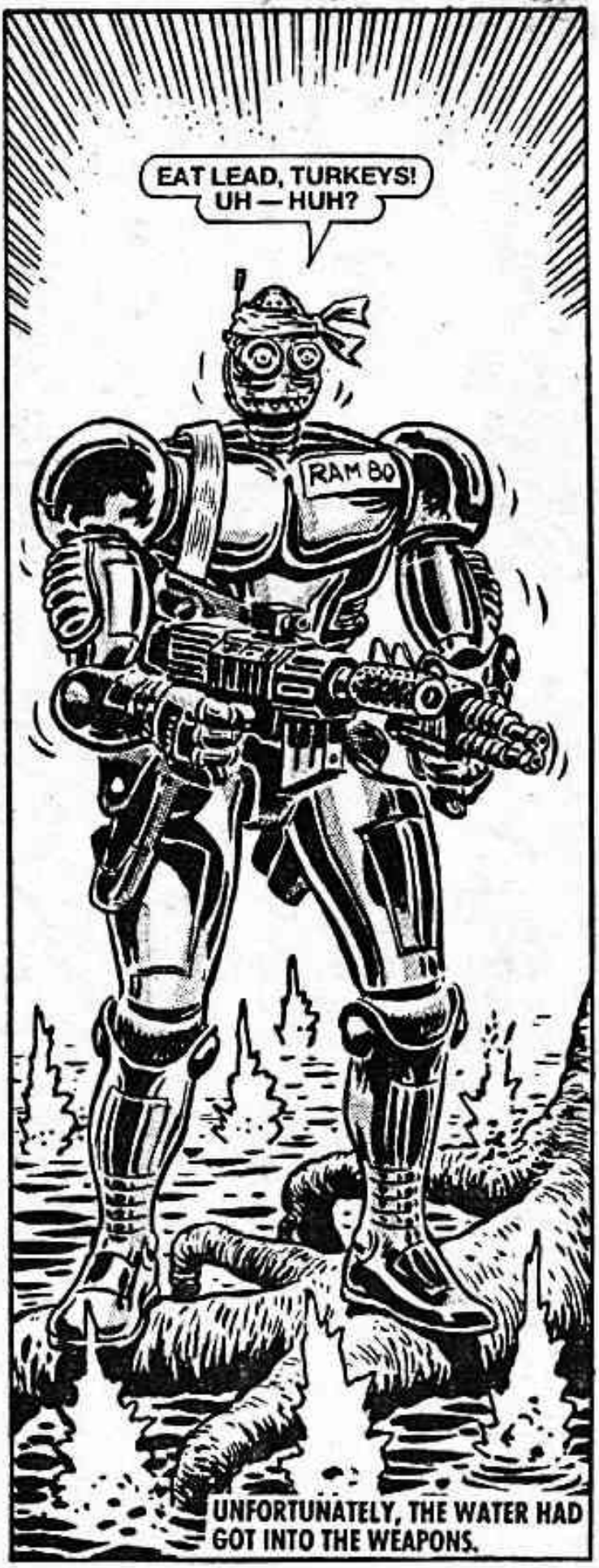
GOOD NEWS — WE'LL BE OFF THIS MISERABLE PLANET IN SEVEN HOURS . . . HUH?
THAT IS GOOD NEWS, WALSKE. NOW THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND JOIN YOUR FRIENDS HERE.
I DON'T THINK I WANT TO KNOW HOW A HANDFUL OF MEN AND DROIDS CAPTURED A CAMP FULL OF TRAINED F*I*S*T OPERATIVES.
YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT, ANYWAY. I JUST HOPE THE KID'S AS LUCKY AGAINST YOUR SEMI-HOUSETRAINED ORANG — UTAN.

YOU MEN, HEAD OUT THAT WAY, AND WE'LL GO THIS. CIRCLE ROUND, AND WE'LL MEET UP AGAIN BY THE BLACK POOL.
OKAY, BOSS.
UH — YO! DEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT — UH — HIT 'EM, LIKE A STRIKING . . .

AS HE HIT THE GROUND, LIKE A BOULDER ONTO A SEE-SAW SEVERAL HAPLESS GUERILLAS SUDDENLY FOUND THEMSELVES AIRBORNE.

EQUIPPING HIMSELF WITH SOME OF THE GUERILLAS' FIREARMS, THE KID STRUCK OUT THROUGH THE RAIN FOREST.

IF THEY DID, IT'S SHRAPNEL BY NOW. WHAT THE . . . ?
WHOOSH!
IN AN EXPLOSION OF SPRAY, THE KID BURST FROM THE CENTRE OF THE LAKE.


EAT LEAD, TURKEYS! UH — HUH?
RAMBO
UNFORTUNATELY, THE WATER HAD GOT INTO THE WEAPONS.

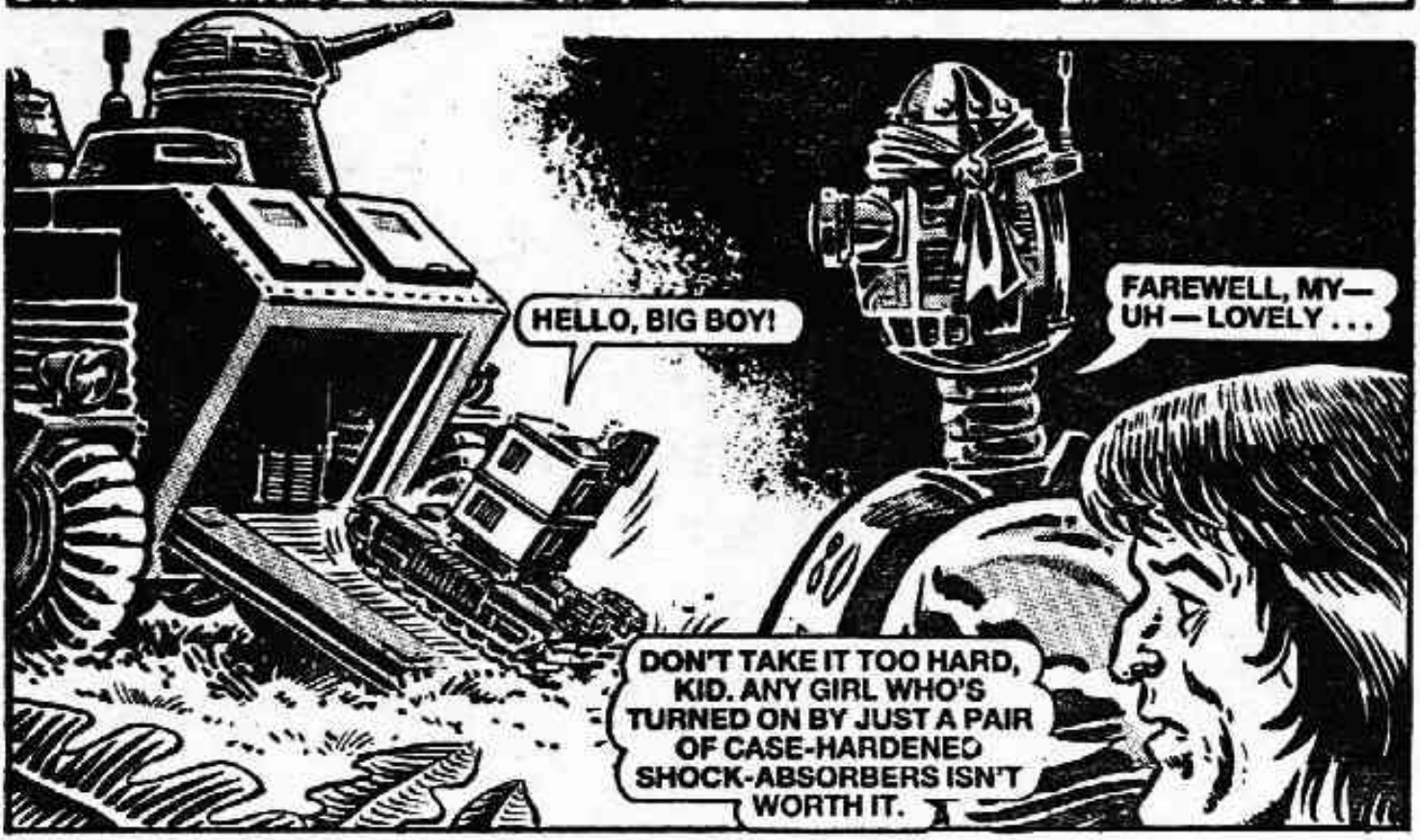
UH — MAYBE THE POWERPACK'S FLAT. I'LL — UH — TAKE A LOOK — YIPE!
GOT HIM!
WHUMP!
BUT THE WEAPONS' EXPOSED POWER-CORES SHORTED-OUT WHEN THEY HIT THE WATER — WITH DRASTIC RESULTS.
I DON'T BELIEVE I'M SEEING THIS!
RUN!
AND WHAT GOES UP USUALLY COMES DOWN AGAIN.

ONCE THE WATERS RECEDED, ONLY TWO WERE LEFT MOVING.
YOU?
THE FIRST TIME IT WAS FOR MYSELF, THE SECOND TIME FOR THE COMMONWEALTH — BUT THIS TIME IT'S — UH — FOR MY FRIENDS. YO!
IT'S NOT FAIR! I'LL TAKE YOU APART MYSELF!
DAT'S WHAT YOU T'INK!
CHIZIT DIDN'T SEE THE SMALL SPHERICAL OBJECT HALF-BURIED IN THE MUD.
SO DAT'S WHERE DA LAST— UH — MINI-GRENADE WENT.

AND BACK AT THE TAKEN F*I*S*T HQ . . .
HEY — THE CAVALRY'S ARRIVED!
I THOUGHT THE SENSORS COULDN'T BE WRONG! THERE'S BEEN SOME KINDA WAR HERE OR SOMETHING?

ENNEGER'S MEN QUICKLY BEGAN TO LOAD UP THE PRISONERS.
. . . AND THAT'S IT, PLUS — IF YOU'RE QUICK — A F*I*S*T CRUISER I'M SURE YOU COULD FIND A USE FOR.
I OUGHTA CAN THE LOT OF YOU, BUT I GUESS I OWE YOU ONE AT THAT. WHERE'S THE CRAZY ONE?

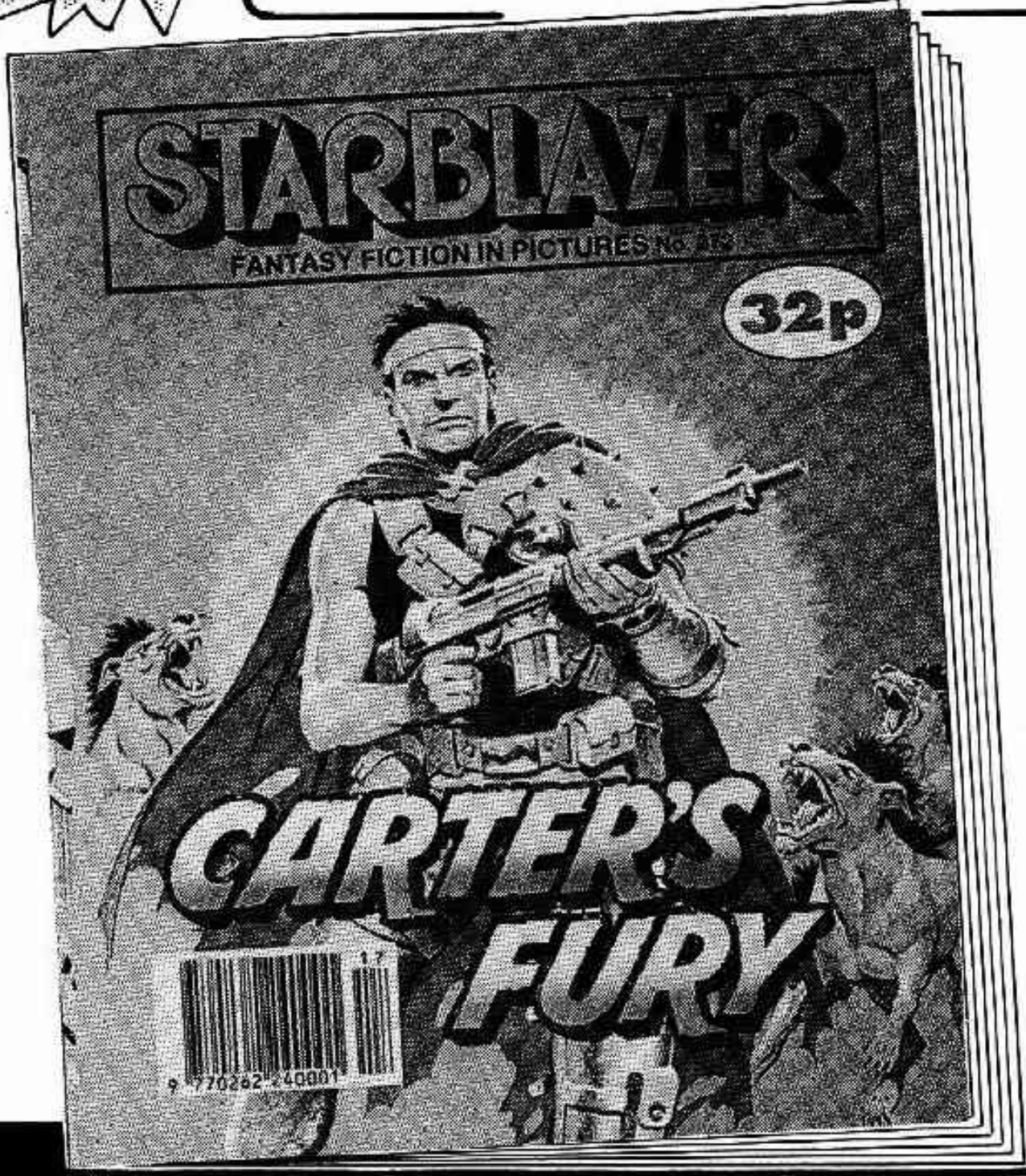
KID! I DON'T SUPPOSE I NEED TO ASK WHAT HAPPENED TO CHIZIT AND HIS GOONS?
RAM-20
YO! NOW, WHERE'S— UH — VENDA?


HELLO, BIG BOY!
FAREWELL, MY— UH — LOVELY . . .
DON'T TAKE IT TOO HARD, KID. ANY GIRL WHO'S TURNED ON BY JUST A PAIR OF CASE-HARDENED SHOCK-ABSORBERS ISN'T WORTH IT.

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD.,
185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS. © D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1990.

DON'T MISS

THIS MONTH'S OTHER ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE



NOW ON SALE

THE ROBOT KID STRIKES BACK!

The Robot Kid, hero of two previous conflicts, now finds himself on the war-torn planet of V8-Nam. Reconstructed after a slight disagreement with half a dozen 20-ton armoured personnel carriers, he finds himself in the persona of a superhero with a limited vocabulary and an unlimited talent for mayhem. But that isn't all — The Robot Kid . . . a.k.a. RAM — 80 is determined to liberate the oppressed people without actually knowing the difference between the oppressed and the oppressor.